A DELL COMIC

DELL

A DELL COMIC

10¢

JUNE

the Lone Ranger

THE LONE RANGER, Vol. 1, No. 48, June, 1952. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y., George T. Delacorte Jr., President, Helen Meyer, Vice-President, Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Entered as second-class matter November 12, 1948 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions in U.S.A., $1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, $2.00 per year, Canadian subscriptions $1.20 per year. Copyright 1952, by The Lone Ranger, Inc. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

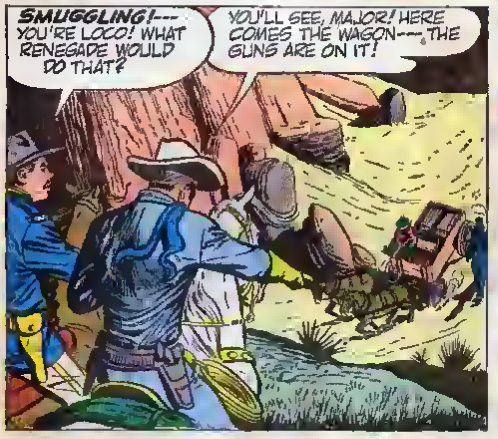
The LONE RANGER

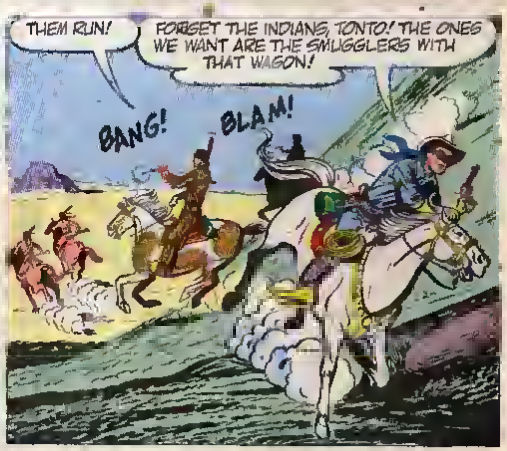
The Forged Requisition

AT A PASS NEAR FORT TERRET, THREE RIDERS RACE UP A RIDGE...

MISTER, THAT MASK MAY HIDE YOUR IDENTITY, BUT YOU CAN'T FORCE AN ARMY MAJOR TO RIDE WITH YOU AT GUNPOINT AND EXPECT TO GET AWAY WITH IT!

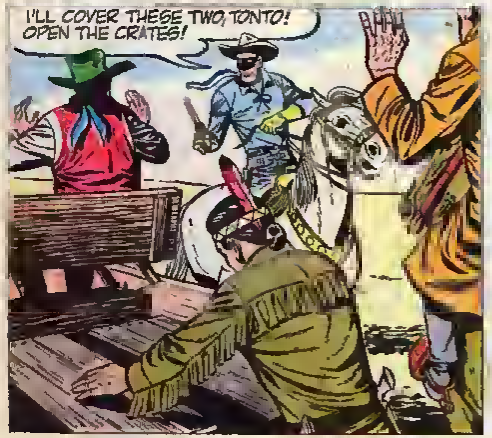
MAJOR, THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY TO BRING YOU HERE, AND IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU BE HERE TO STOP **GUN SMUGGLING** TO THE INDIANS!



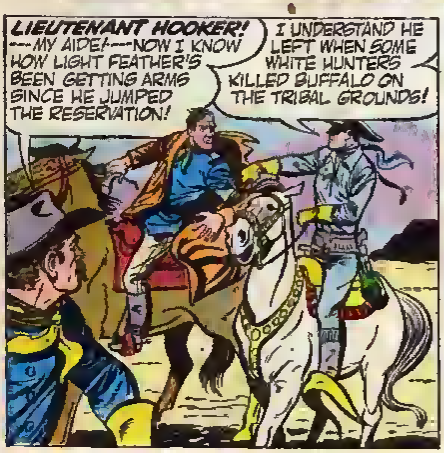


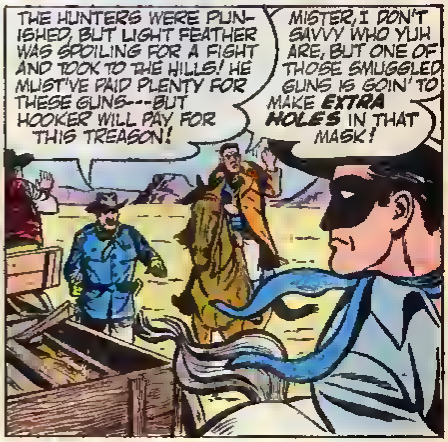

YEOW!
BLAM!

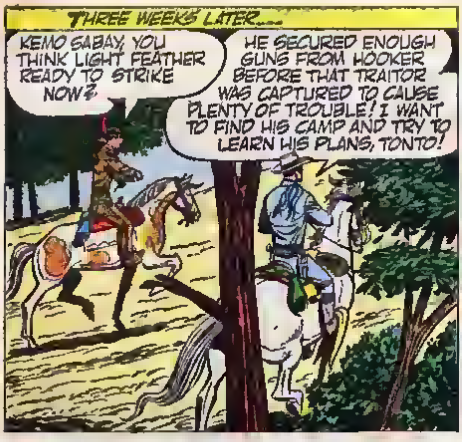

WHY YUH MEDDLIN'---
OWW!


I'LL COVER THESE TWO, TONTO! OPEN THE CRATES!

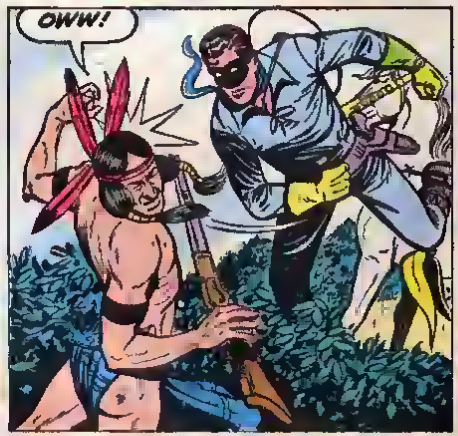

RIFLES!---MY APOLOGIES, MISTER, FOR NOT BELIEVING YOU WHEN YOU SAID YOU HAD EVIDENCE OF GUN SMUGGLING! DESPITE YOUR MASK, YOU'RE ON THE LAW'S SIDE! NOW LET'S SEE WHO THESE RENEGADES ARE!


LIEUTENANT HOOKER! ---MY AIDE!---NOW I KNOW HOW LIGHT FEATHER'S BEEN GETTING ARMS SINCE HE JUMPED THE RESERVATION!
I UNDERSTAND HE LEFT WHEN SOME WHITE HUNTERS KILLED BUFFALO ON THE TRIBAL GROUNDS!

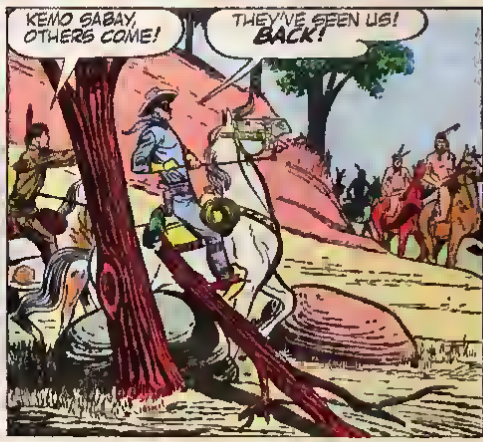

THE HUNTERS WERE PUNISHED, BUT LIGHT FEATHER WAS SPOILING FOR A FIGHT AND TOOK TO THE HILLS! HE MUST'VE PAID PLENTY FOR THESE GUNS---BUT HOOKER WILL PAY FOR THIS TREASON!
MISTER, I DON'T SAVVY WHO YUH ARE, BUT ONE OF THOSE SMUGGLED GUNS IS GOIN' TO MAKE EXTRA HOLES IN THAT MASK!


THREE WEEKS LATER....
KEMO SABAY, YOU THINK LIGHT FEATHER READY TO STRIKE NOW?
HE SECURED ENOUGH GUNS FROM HOOKER BEFORE THAT TRAITOR WAS CAPTURED TO CAUSE PLENTY OF TROUBLE! I WANT TO FIND HIS CAMP AND TRY TO LEARN HIS PLANS, TONTO!

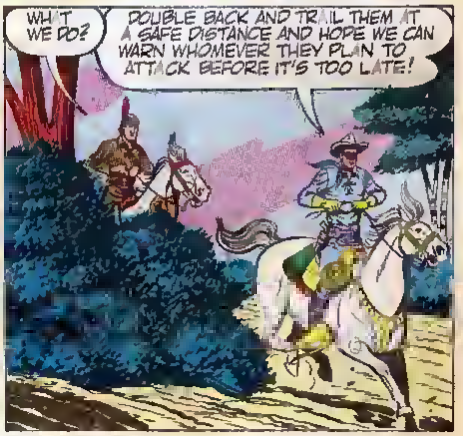

LOOK!
A GUARD! WE'LL SILENCE HIM BEFORE HE GIVES THE ALARM!


OWW!


LIGHT FEATHER'S CAMP MUST BE NEAR-BY, TONTO! WE'LL ADVANCE MORE CAUTIOUSLY NOW!


KEMO SABAY, OTHERS COME!
THEY'VE SEEN US! BACK!

THAT WAR PARTY!
FOUR BRAVES ARE RIDING FOR US!--- FASTER, SILVER! FASTER!



MEANWHILE, AS THE ARMY SUPPLY TRAIN NEARS FORT TERRET...

INDIANS!--REDSKINS COMIN' FROM EVERY DIRECTION! WE'RE TRAPPED!

CIRCLE THE WAGONS! FIGHT 'EM OFF!

ANEEEWA! WHOOOP! WHOOOP!

BANG!

BLAM!

CAN'T TAKE COVER---AIIEEE!

IT'S LIGHT FEATHER! KEEP FIRING!

BLAM!

BANG!

I'LL SEND YOU TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS BEFORE---AIEEE!

THE PALEFACES ARE ALL DEAD! LOOT THE WAGONS!

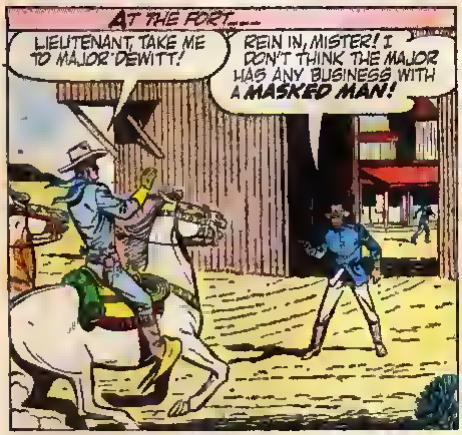
YES, LIGHT FEATHER!

SOON...

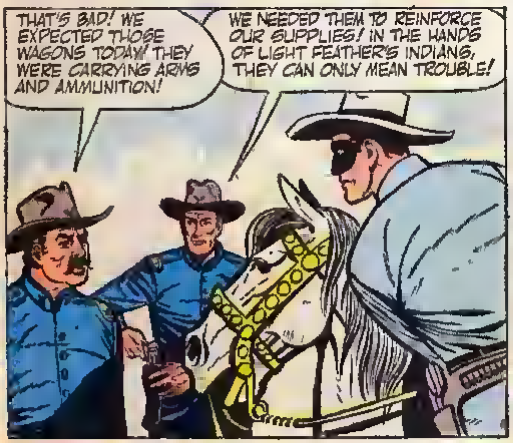
TONTO, LIGHT FEATHER ARRIVED FIRST!

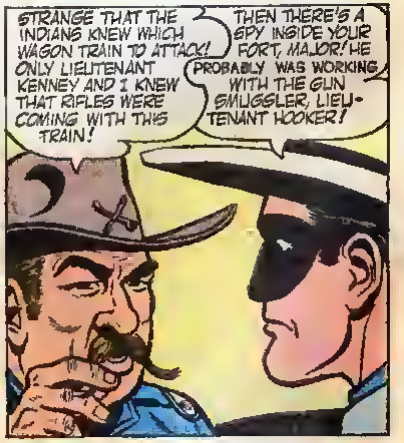

WE'LL SEE IF THERE ARE ANY SURVIVORS WE CAN HELP!
ME SEE PLENTY ARROWS! ME NOT THINK ANY SOLDIER ESCAPE!

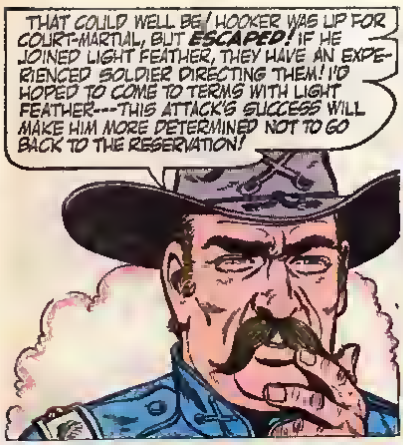

NO ONE SURVIVED! THESE WAGONS WERE ARMY TRANSPORTS---LOOTED! NOW LIGHT FEATHER HAS MORE GUNS AND AMMUNITION! WE'LL RIDE TO FORT TERRET AND REPORT THE ATTACK! ---COME ON, SILVER!
GET-UM UP, SCOUT!

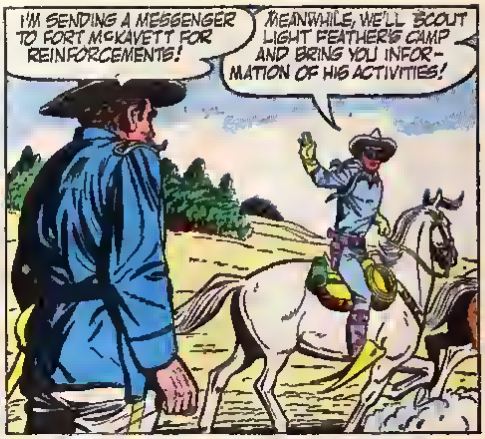

AT THE FORT....
LIEUTENANT, TAKE ME TO MAJOR DEWITT!
REIN IN, MISTER! I DON'T THINK THE MAJOR HAS ANY BUSINESS WITH A MASKED MAN!

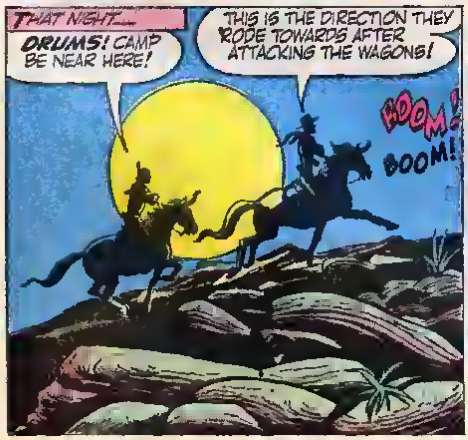

I'LL TAKE OVER, LIEUTENANT KENNEY! THIS MAN HELPED THE ARMY BEFORE---DESPITE HIS MASK, I TRUST HIM!
THANKS, MAJOR! WE HAVE JUST RIDDEN IN FROM THE VALLEY. LIGHT FEATHER'S BRAVES HAVE WIPED OUT YOUR WAGON TRAIN!


THAT'S BAD! WE EXPECTED THOSE WAGONS TODAY! THEY WERE CARRYING ARMS AND AMMUNITION!
WE NEEDED THEM TO REINFORCE OUR SUPPLIES! IN THE HANDS OF LIGHT FEATHER'S INDIANS, THEY CAN ONLY MEAN TROUBLE!

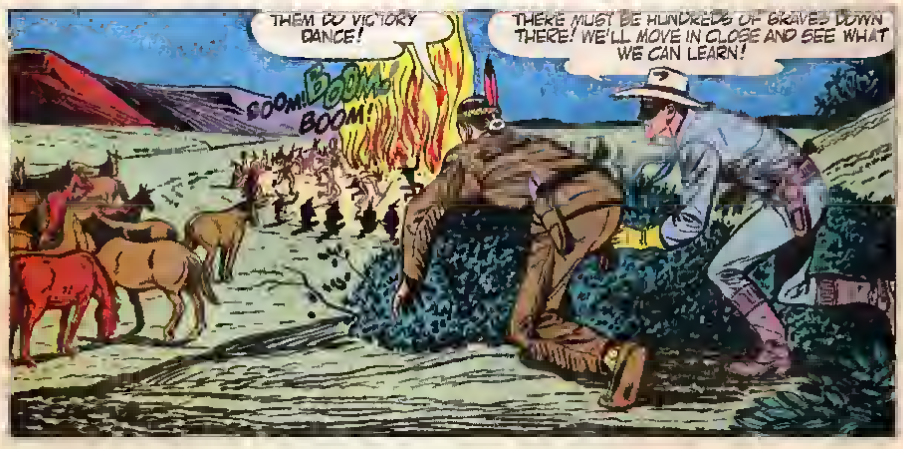

STRANGE THAT THE INDIANS KNEW WHICH WAGON TRAIN TO ATTACK! ONLY LIEUTENANT KENNEY AND I KNEW THAT RIFLES WERE COMING WITH THIS TRAIN!
THEN THERE'S A SPY INSIDE YOUR FORT, MAJOR! HE PROBABLY WAS WORKING WITH THE GUN SMUGGLER, LIEUTENANT HOOKER!

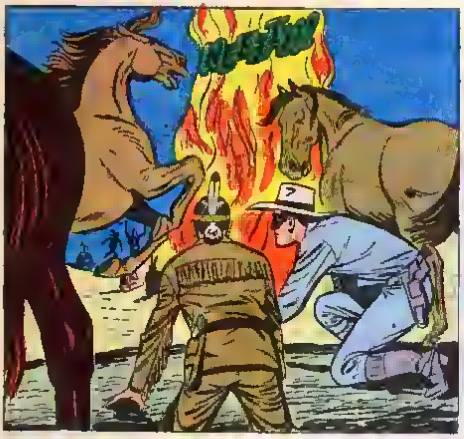

THAT COULD WELL BE! HOOKER WAS UP FOR COURT-MARTIAL, BUT ESCAPED! IF HE JOINED LIGHT FEATHER, THEY HAVE AN EXPERIENCED SOLDIER DIRECTING THEM! I'D HOPED TO COME TO TERMS WITH LIGHT FEATHER---THIS ATTACK'S SUCCESS WILL MAKE HIM MORE DETERMINED NOT TO GO BACK TO THE RESERVATION!


I'M SENDING A MESSENGER TO FORT McKAVETT FOR REINFORCEMENTS!
MEANWHILE, WE'LL SCOUT LIGHT FEATHER'S CAMP AND BRING YOU INFORMATION OF HIS ACTIVITIES!

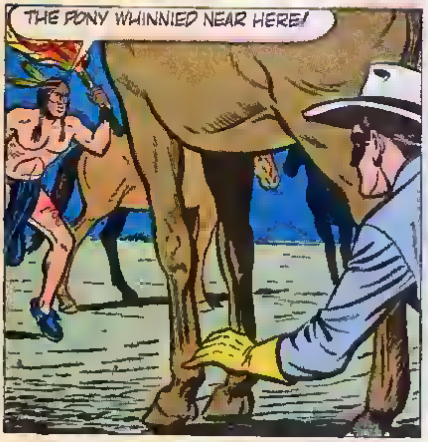

THAT NIGHT...
DRUMS! CAMP BE NEAR HERE!
THIS IS THE DIRECTION THEY RODE TOWARDS AFTER ATTACKING THE WAGONS!
BOOM!
BOOM!

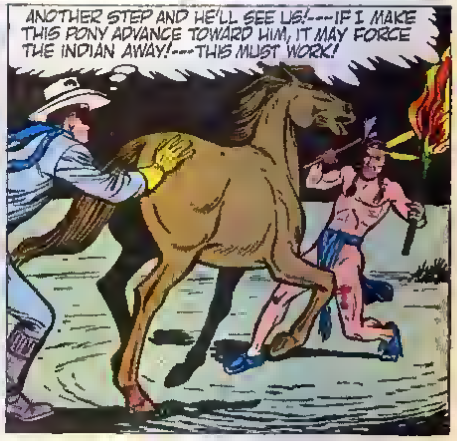

THERE CAMP!

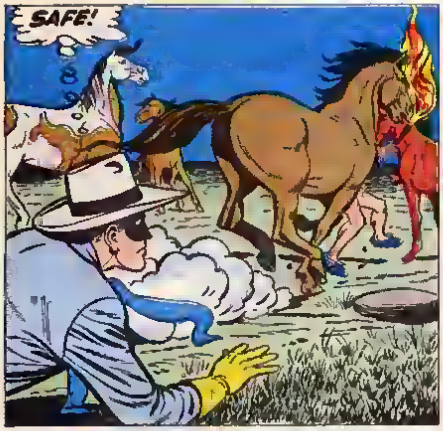

THEM DO VICTORY DANCE!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
THERE MUST BE HUNDREDS OF BRAVES DOWN THERE! WE'LL MOVE IN CLOSE AND SEE WHAT WE CAN LEARN!



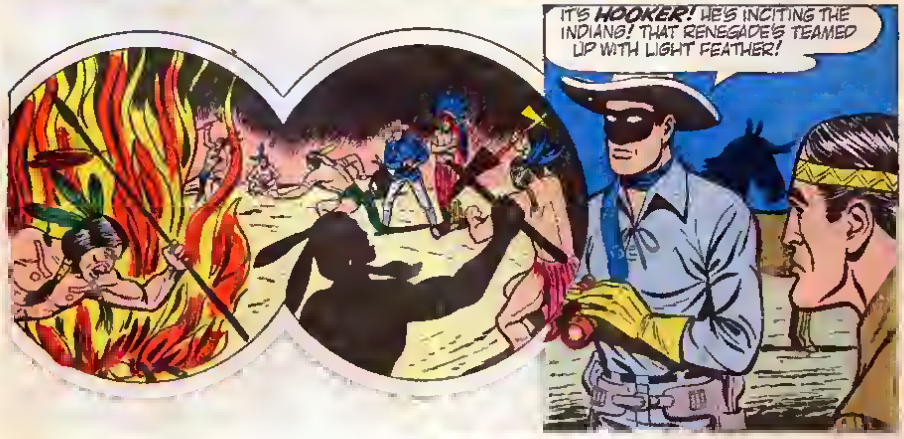

THEY'RE COMING TO INVESTIGATE! DON'T MOVE, TONTO!


THE PONY WHINNIED NEAR HERE!


ANOTHER STEP AND HE'LL SEE US!---IF I MAKE THIS PONY ADVANCE TOWARD HIM, IT MAY FORCE THE INDIAN AWAY!---THIS MUST WORK!

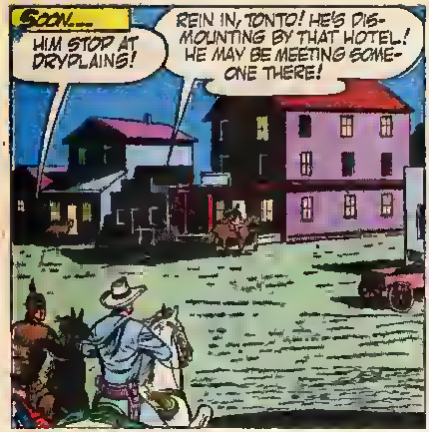

SAFE!

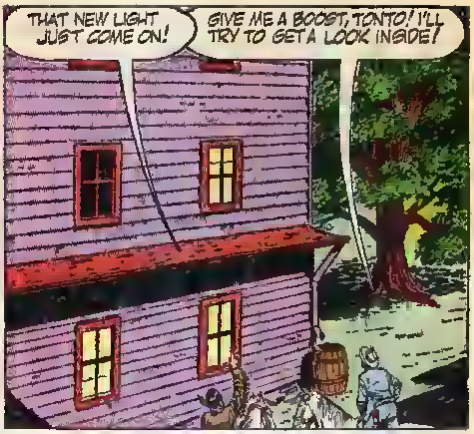

THEM GO OFF!
WE'LL STAY HERE, TONTO! I'LL USE MY BINOCULARS TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING BY THE FIRE!

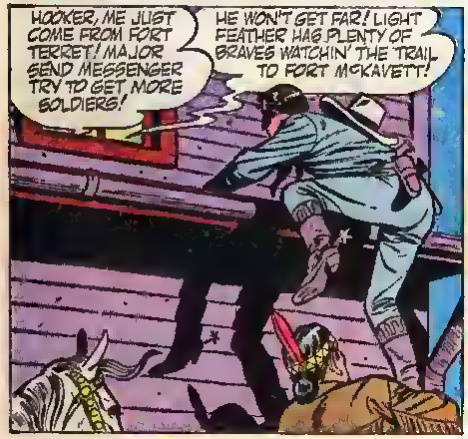

IT'S HOOKER! HE'S INCITING THE INDIANS! THAT RENEGADE'S TEAMED UP WITH LIGHT FEATHER!


KEMO SABAY, HIM MOUNT HORSE NOW!
BACK TO OUR HORSES, TONTO! WE'LL FOLLOW HOOKER!


HIM ALONE! WE CAPTURE-UM?
NO, TONTO! HOOKER IS HELPING LIGHT FEATHER, BUT HE MUST HAVE SPIES INSIDE THE FORT! I WANT TO LEARN WHO THEY ARE AND WHAT HOOKER'S NEXT MOVE WILL BE!


SOON....
HIM STOP AT DRYPLAINS!
REIN IN, TONTO! HE'S DIS-MOUNTING BY THAT HOTEL! HE MAY BE MEETING SOME-ONE THERE!

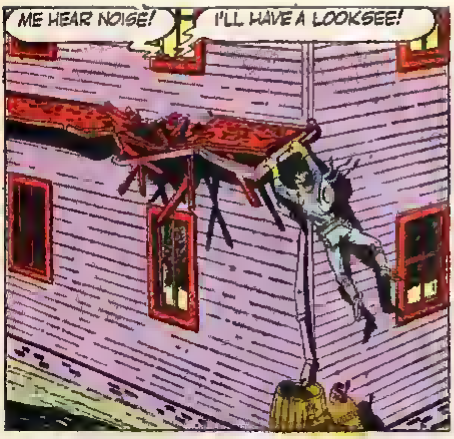

THAT NEW LIGHT JUST COME ON!
GIVE ME A BOOST, TONTO! I'LL TRY TO GET A LOOK INSIDE!

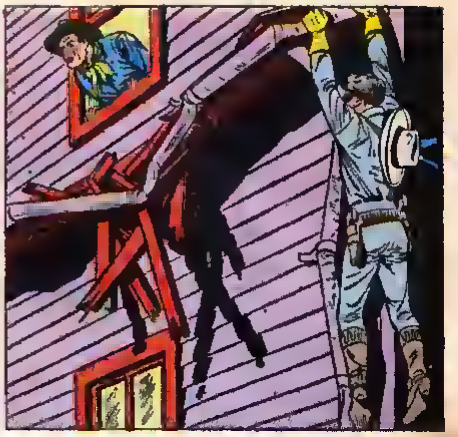

HOOKER, ME JUST COME FROM FORT TERRET! MAJOR SEND MESSENGER TRY TO GET MORE SOLDIERS!
HE WON'T GET FAR! LIGHT FEATHER HAS PLENTY OF BRAVES WATCHIN' THE TRAIL TO FORT McKAVETT!


HERE'S THE MONEY FOR HELPIN'! WHEN LIGHT FEATHER AND HIS BRAVES WIPE OUT THE FORT AND SETTLE-MENT 'ROUND HERE, THERE'LL BE PLENTY MORE!
YOU GET-UM RIFLES AND AMMUNITION FROM WAGON TRAIN ME TELL COME?

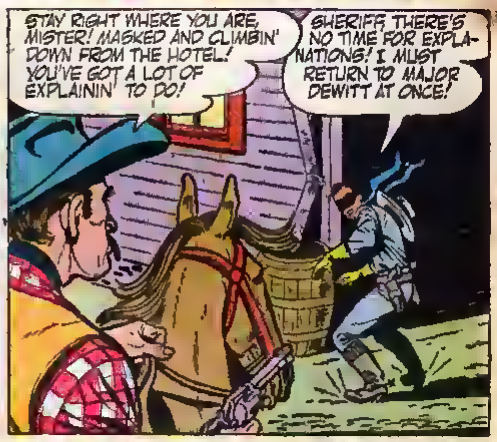

YEAH AND THEY BROUGHT THE EXTRA STUFF WE NEEDED! THAT REQUISITION BLANK YUH SNEAKED OUT OF THE FORT TO ME LAST WEEK DID THE TRICK!
ME GIVE PAPER YOU FIX TO SERGEANT WHO GO FOR SUPPLIES! HIM THINK-UM COME FROM MAJOR!


THAT'PUT JUST WHAT WE NEEDED ON THOSE WAGONS WE LOOTED! NOW WE'RE READY TO ATTACK FORT TERRET AT DAWN AND NO ONE CAN STOP US!
WHAT THAT?
CREEEAAAK!


ME HEAR NOISE!
I'LL HAVE A LOOKSEE!

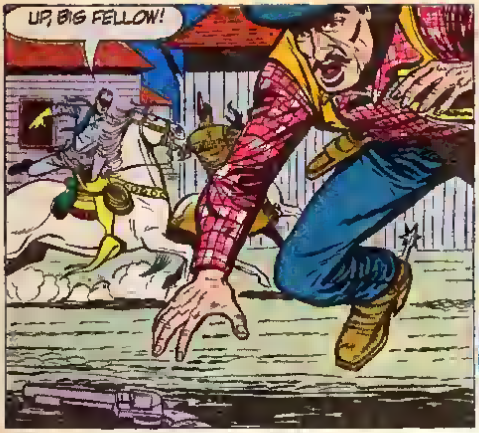



NOTHIN'! YUH BETTER GET BACK TO FORT TERRET, I'M RIDIN' TO LIGHT FEATHER'S CAMP!


STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, MISTER! MASKED AND CLIMBIN' DOWN FROM THE HOTEL! YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF EXPLAININ' TO DO!
SHERIFF, THERE'S NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS! I MUST RETURN TO MAJOR DEWITT AT ONCE!

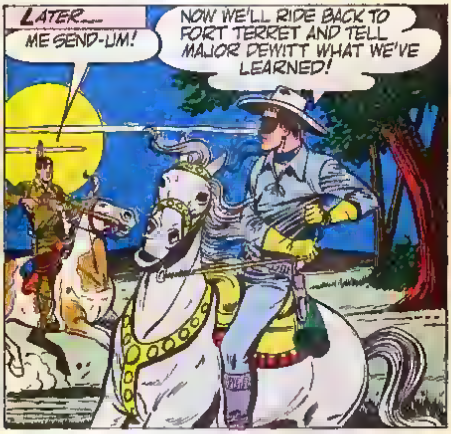

YOU'RE COMIN' WITH ME!
BUT, SHERIFF---


OWW!

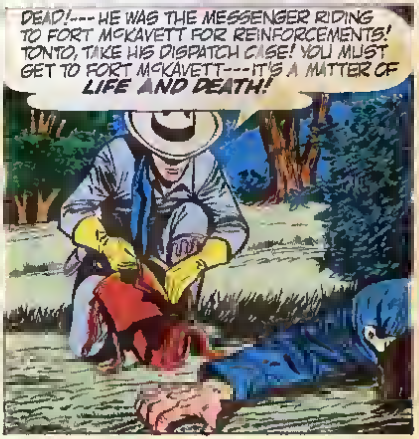

UP, BIG FELLOW!


SHERIFF PLENTY MAD!
HE WON'T STOP US NOW, TONTO!


REIN IN! HOOKER WAS TELLING THE INDIAN SCOUT ABOUT A REQUISITION! I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS ON IT! I'LL GIVE YOU A MESSAGE TO TAKE TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE, TONTO!

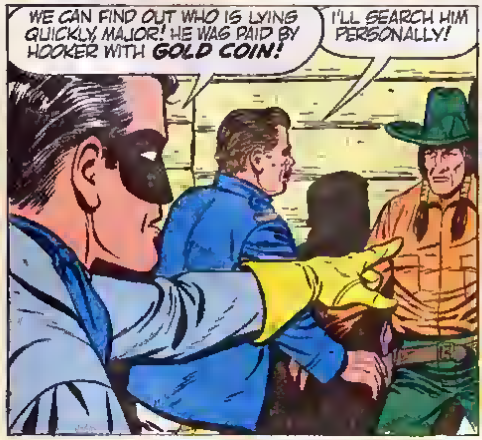

LATER....
ME SEND-UM!
NOW WE'LL RIDE BACK TO FORT TERRET AND TELL MAJOR DEWITT WHAT WE'VE LEARNED!


KEMO SABAY, THERE BODY ON TRAIL AHEAD!
WHOA, SILVER!


DEAD!---HE WAS THE MESSENGER RIDING TO FORT McKAVETT FOR REINFORCEMENTS! TONTO, TAKE HIS DISPATCH CASE! YOU MUST GET TO FORT McKAVETT---IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

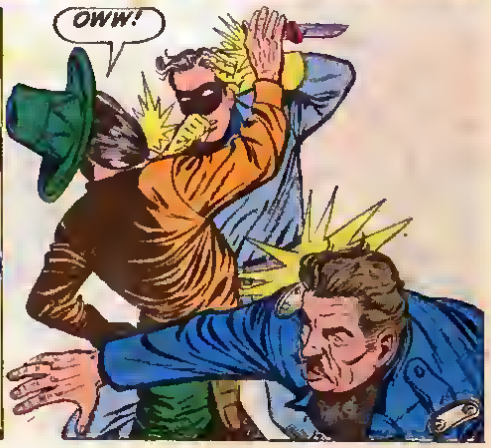

AS THE LONE RANGER FINISHES HIS REPORT...
MAJOR DEWITT, THE INDIAN SCOUT JUST RETURNED! SAID THINGS ARE QUIET IN THE HILLS ---NO SIGN OF THE INDIANS!
THAT MUST BE THE SCOUT YOU SAW WITH HOOKER!--- LIEUTENANT, SEND HIM IN!


YOU SAID YOU SCOUTED THE HILLS! MY MASKED FRIEND SAW YOU IN A HOTEL IN DRYPLAINS TALKING TO THE RENEGADE, HOOKER!
HIM LIE!


WE CAN FIND OUT WHO IS LYING QUICKLY, MAJOR! HE WAS PAID BY HOOKER WITH GOLD COIN!
I'LL SEARCH HIM PERSONALLY!

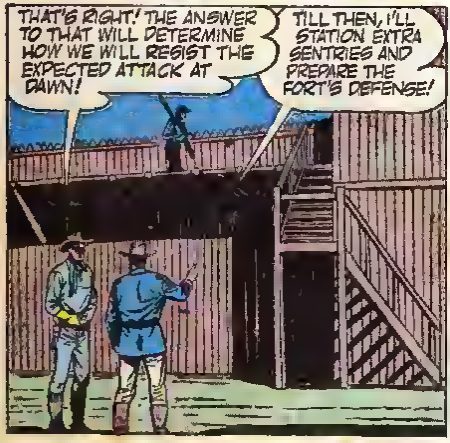

MAJOR!

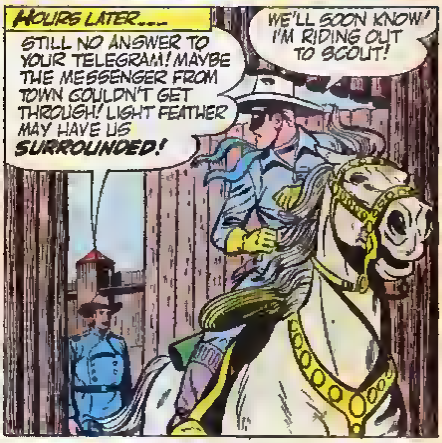

ME KILL-UM!
STOP!

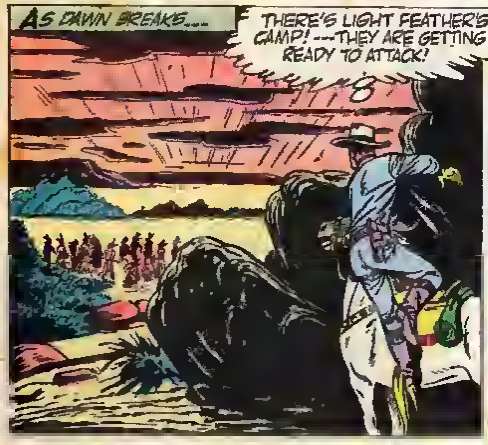

OWW!


THANKS!—LIEUTENANT, PUT HIM IN THE STOCKADE!
YES, SIR!


MAJOR, I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF SENDING A TELEGRAM TO THE ARMY SUPPLY DEPOT AT FORT WORTH IN YOUR NAME!
YOU MEAN IN REGARDS TO THAT REQUISITION YOU TOLD ME HOOKER FORGED?


THAT'S RIGHT! THE ANSWER TO THAT WILL DETERMINE HOW WE WILL REGIST THE EXPECTED ATTACK AT DAWN!
TILL THEN, I'LL STATION EXTRA SENTRIES AND PREPARE THE FORT'S DEFENSE!

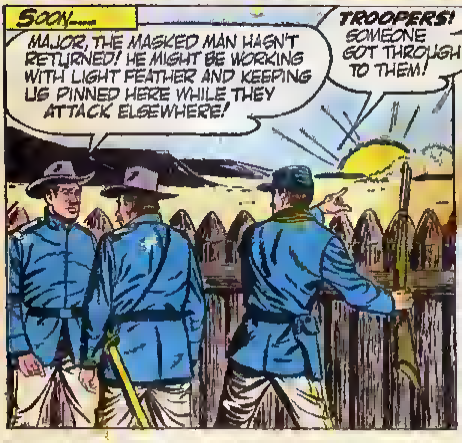

HOURS LATER....
STILL NO ANSWER TO YOUR TELEGRAM! MAYBE THE MESSENGER FROM TOWN COULDN'T GET THROUGH! LIGHT FEATHER MAY HAVE US SURROUNDED!
WE'LL SOON KNOW! I'M RIDING OUT TO SCOUT!


AS DAWN BREAKS....
THERE'S LIGHT FEATHER'S CAMP! ---THEY ARE GETTING READY TO ATTACK!

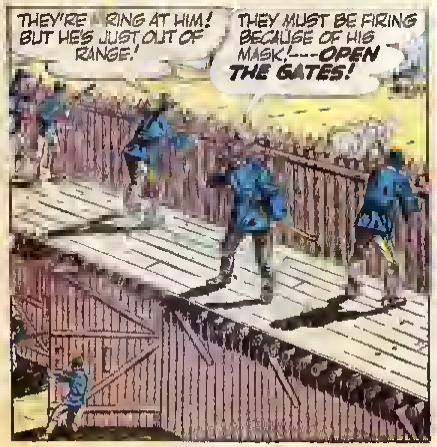

LISTEN TO OUR WHITE BROTHER AND VICTORY WILL BE OURS!
LET THE FIFTY BRAVES WHO WILL RIDE WITH ME, WEARING ARMY UNIFORMS, COME FORWARD!

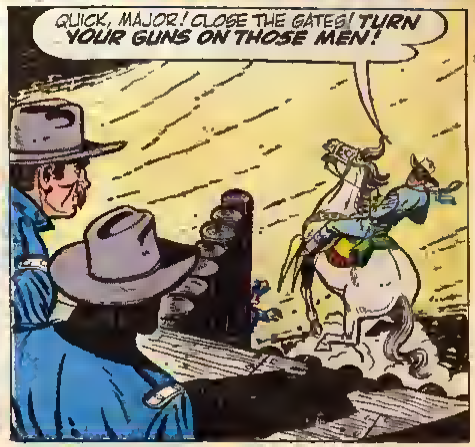

THAT'S IT! THE REQUISITION WAS FOR UNIFORMS TO DISGUISE THE BRAVES AS TROOPERS SO THEY COULD SNEAK INTO THE FORT!
LOOK! RIDER ON WHITE HORSE THERE!

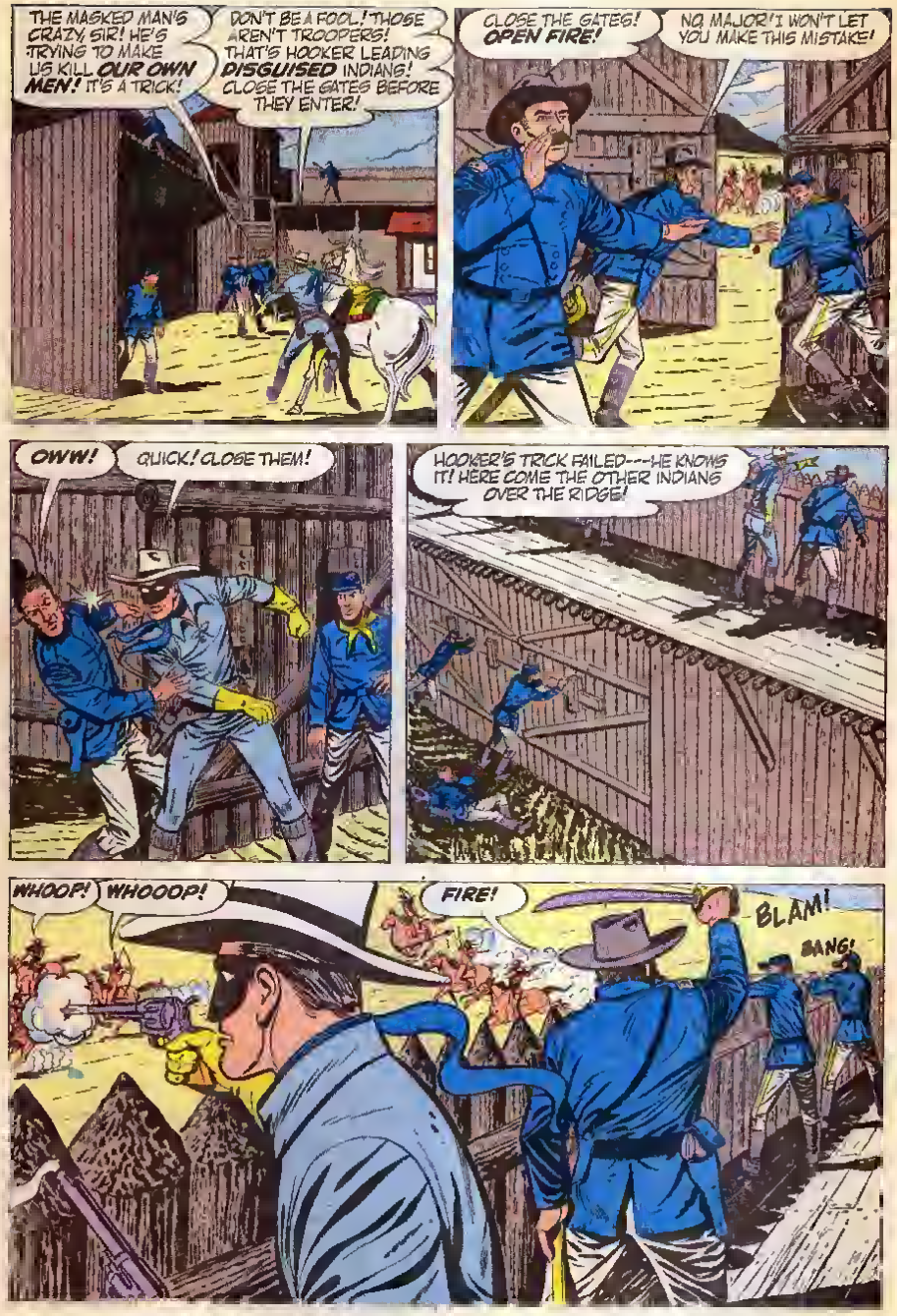

BACK, SILVER!---LET'S GO, BIG FELLOW!

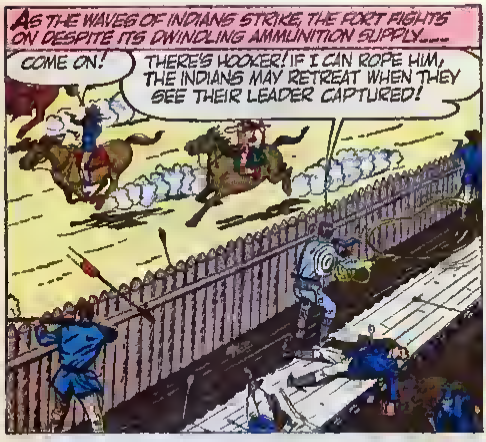

SOON....
MAJOR, THE MASKED MAN HASN'T RETURNED! HE MIGHT BE WORKING WITH LIGHT FEATHER AND KEEPING US PINNED HERE WHILE THEY ATTACK ELSEWHERE!
TROOPERS! SOMEONE GOT THROUGH TO THEM!


SOMEONE'S RIDING IN ADVANCE ---ON A WHITE HORSE!
IT'S MY MASKED FRIEND!


THEY'RE RING AT HIM! BUT HE'S JUST OUT OF RANGE!
THEY MUST BE FIRING BECAUSE OF HIS MASK!---OPEN THE GATES!

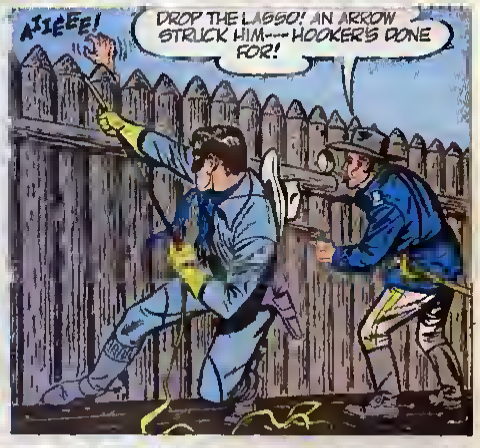

QUICK, MAJOR! CLOSE THE GATES! TURN YOUR GUNS ON THOSE MEN!

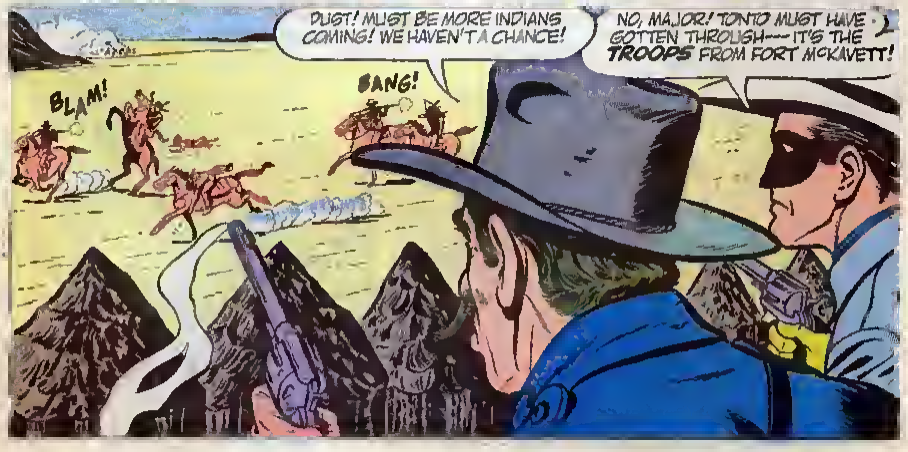

THE MASKED MAN'S CRAZY, SIR! HE'S TRYING TO MAKE US KILL OUR OWN MEN! IT'S A TRICK!
DON'T BE A FOOL! THOSE AREN'T TROOPERS! THAT'S HOOKER LEADING DISGUISED INDIANS! CLOSE THE GATES BEFORE THEY ENTER!
CLOSE THE GATES! OPEN FIRE!
NO, MAJOR! I WON'T LET YOU MAKE THIS MISTAKE!
OWW!
QUICK! CLOSE THEM!
HOOKER'S TRICK FAILED---HE KNOWS IT! HERE COME THE OTHER INDIANS OVER THE RIDGE!
WHOOP!
WHOOOP!
FIRE!
BLAM!
BANG!


AS THE WAVES OF INDIANS STRIKE, THE FORT FIGHTS ON DESPITE ITS DWINDLING AMMUNITION SUPPLY....
COME ON!
THERE'S HOOKER! IF I CAN ROPE HIM, THE INDIANS MAY RETREAT WHEN THEY SEE THEIR LEADER CAPTURED!


WHAT IN THUNDER?


H-HELP! SHOOT ME DOWN! MAKE 'EM DROP THE ROPE!


AIEEE!
DROP THE LASSO! AN ARROW STRUCK HIM--- HOOKER'S DONE FOR!


DUST! MUST BE MORE INDIANS COMING! WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!
NO, MAJOR! TONTO MUST HAVE GOTTEN THROUGH--- IT'S THE TROOPS FROM FORT McKAVETT!
BLAM!
BANG!

TRAPPED BETWEEN THE TWO FORCES, THE REBELLIOUS INDIANS RETREAT....

THEY'RE SURRENDERING! CEASE FIRE!

BANG! BANG!

SOON....

MAJOR DEWITT, THIS TELEGRAM JUST CAME!

IT MUST BE THE ANSWER TO YOUR MESSAGE!

"IN REPLY TO INQUIRY, REQUISITION RECEIVED A WEEK AGO FOR STATED NUMBER OF GUNS AND AMMUNITION AND UNIFORMS AND SADDLES FOR FIFTY SOLDIERS---"

---HOOKER FORGED THAT REQUISITION! HE ATTACKED THE WAGON TRAIN, KNOWING THE SUPPLIES WERE ON IT!

WHEN I SAW HIS BRAVES IN ARMY UNIFORMS, I KNEW WHAT THE REQUISITION MEANT!

SECONDS LATER...

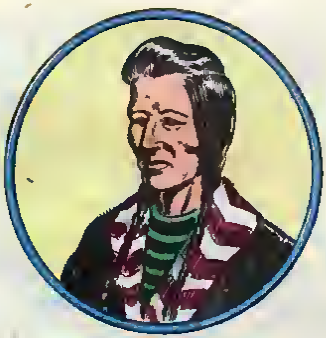
HOOKER AND LIGHT FEATHER ARE DEAD! THE BRAVES'LL RETURN TO THEIR RESERVATION NOW! BUT WHERE'S YOUR MASKED FRIEND? I WANT TO APOLOGIZE FOR DOUBTING HIM!

HE WAS HERE A SECOND AGO! I KNOW WHO THE MASKED MAN WITH HIS INDIAN FRIEND MUST BE---

---AND THE LONE RANGER DOESN'T WAIT AROUND FOR THANKS!

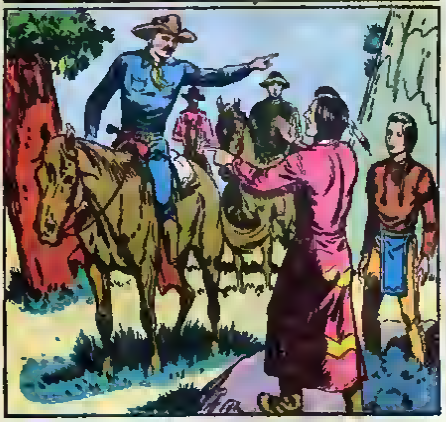
HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!

CHIEF JOSEPH AND THE GREAT MARCH



"THE EARTH IS OUR MOTHER. WE CANNOT SELL YOU OUR MOTHER," WAS THE REPLY OF CHIEF JOSEPH OF THE NEZ PERCE TRIBE WHEN WHITE MEN ASKED HIM TO SELL THE TRIBAL LANDS. THE NEZ PERCE HAD ALWAYS BEEN FRIENDLY. THEY WELCOMED THE EARLY EXPLORERS AND WERE EASILY PERSUADED TO BECOME CHRISTIANS. BUT THERE WAS ONE TROUBLE --- THEY HAD NO PLACE TO RUN IF TROUBLE DID COME. THEY WERE NO CLOSE TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN THET COULD NOT RETREAT WESTWARD AS OTHER TRIBES HAD DONE.

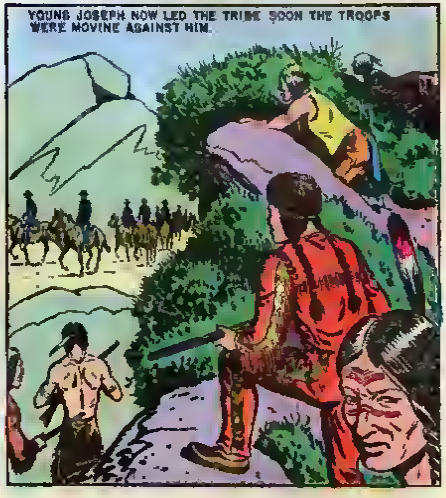
IN 1859, OLD CHIEF JOSEPH WAS ASKED TO MOVE HIS TRIBE OUT OF THE WALLOWA VALLEY THAT THEY LOVED SO MUCH. HIS SON, LATER TO BECOME THE FAMOUS CHIEF JOSEPH, LISTENED --- HEARTBROKEN.



THE TRIBE HAD SIGNED A TREATY THAT GRANTED THEM THIS LAND. THE OLD CHIEF'S ANSWER WAS DEFINITE --- THE TRIBE WOULD NOT LEAVE THEIR LAND.

YEARS LATER, VIOLENCE BROKE OUT. EVEN THE PROMISES OF PRESIDENT GRANT WERE BROKEN. THE GREAT WHITE FATHER ORDERED THAT THE TRIBE BE FORCIBLY MOVED TO A RESERVATION IN IDAHO.

YOUNG JOSEPH NOW LED THE TRIBE. SOON THE TROOPS WERE MOVING AGAINST HIM.



TIME AFTER TIME, THE SOLDIERS THOUGHT THEY HAD THE NEZ PERCE TRAPPED. BUT ALWAYS, JOSEPH KNEW OF OBSCURE PASSES IN THE ROCKIES AND HE OFTEN LEFT SMALL GROUPS IN AMBUSH.

BUT THE SOLDIERS DID CUT OFF THE ESCAPE ROUTE TO CANADA. THE INDIANS COULD NEVER GO EASTWARD TO THE OPEN PLAINS.

WANDERING, EVER SEEKING A TRAIL TO THE NORTH, THEY WERE CAUGHT ONLY THIRTY MILES FROM THE BORDER. HALF THEIR NUMBER HAD BEEN KILLED.

THE NEZ PERCE HAD FINALLY LOST THEIR BELOVED VALLEY. JOSEPH SURRENDERED AND HIS PEOPLE WERE FORCED TO LIVE ON THE HATED RESERVATIONS.

the TILTING ROCK

Like all small boys who lived in the high cliff-village in Red Canyon, little Toki had his share of the family chores. That is how his people had managed for hundreds of years to raise corn and squash, to build hauses, and to defend themselves against enemies. Everybody worked, and liked it. When he was three, Toki helped to care for his baby brother and sister. When he was four, he heated the stones with which his mother cooked. He was proud of his job!

With two curved wooden paddles, he would expertly lift each hot stone from the red coals, and drop it hissing into the basket of water. His mother had woven that basket —so tight that it held water like a jug. Soon the hot stones made the water boil the meat and squash for dinner.

Once Toki had a queer accident. He dropped a hot stone into a little puddle of spilled water—and the stone flew apart. It startled Toki so that he never forgot it. Years later, when he was old enough to take a man's part in defending the village, he still thought sometimes about that exploding stone.

From time to time the whole Pueblo, or Village, held a defense drill. At a signal, the men would seize their bows and arrows and hurry to their stations. The young men's place was at the front of the great cave in which the village was built. The old men stood ready to shoot from the windows and housetops.

Toki, and his father Waputi, had a different task. It was to keep a bright fire burning in case of a night attack by the Apache raiders. A great stock of firewood was always kept on a little ledge high up on the curving canyon wall. Above the ledge an enormous wedge of rock tilted outward—once a part of the cliff wall, now separated from it by a narrow crack. The only thing that kept it from falling was a small boulder, caught under its narrow base.

Never yet in Toki's short lifetime had there been an Apache attack. But one night—it all became real! Terribly real!

At sunset, a Puebla hunter staggered to the foot of the cliff below the village and shouted: "Apaches! A big, big war party! They shot me! They are coming now!"

The whole village began buzzing like a giant hornets' nest. Four men climbed down to pick up the wounded hunter. The others flew to their stations with ready weapons. Even the women began piling up a low wall of stones to protect the bowmen.

Toki's father scooped red hot coals from a fire into an earthen pot, and called to his half-grown son. Toki heard, but for a long moment he did not move. He stood gazing across at the Tilted Rock, gripped by an idea. At his father's second, angry call, he seized a big gourd full of water, with a carrying rope on it, and ran after Waputi.

As sure-footed as a squirrel, he followed around the curving face of the cliff, to the small ledge where the firewood was piled, and on which the Tilting Rock rested.

"Pile stones for a breastwork!" Waputi or-

dered. "The Apaches will try to shoot us—to keep us from feeding the fire—"

His words were drowned out by a horrid chorus of war whoops that echoed from canyon wall to wall. Toward the base of the village cliff moved a shadowy mass of warriors—Apaches. As the war whoops ended, arrows hummed like angry bees. Lines of attackers carrying ladders moved into the blacker shadow under the cliff. NOW was the time Waputi's fire would help!

It blazed up quickly, the dry wood crackling. Above it, Tilting Rock was a giant reflector, throwing the firelight down on the climbing Apaches. Now the Pueblo bowstrings hummed—and Apaches fell!

Twang—twang—twang—! EEE-AIEEEEEEE!

Now the angry screams of the women arose, as they hurled stones at the invaders.

Zing—zing—WHUP! A storm of Apache arrows struck at the ledge where the firelight blazed. Waputi sank down with an arrow in his thigh. "Carry on, my son!" he groaned. "The fire must not die! Our people must see to shoot!"

On hands and knees, Toki fed the blaze, noting that there was little wood left. The battle was longer than any one had foreseen. And now there were more ladders rising against the cliff. A few Apaches gained a foothold on the Pueblo's edge! There was no way to stop them—

—OR WAS THERE?

Toki's eye fell on the water gourd, and his plan—his inspiration came back to him—as clear as his memory of the bursting hot stones years ago! Swiftly, he dashed the water on the glowing boulder against which his fire was built.

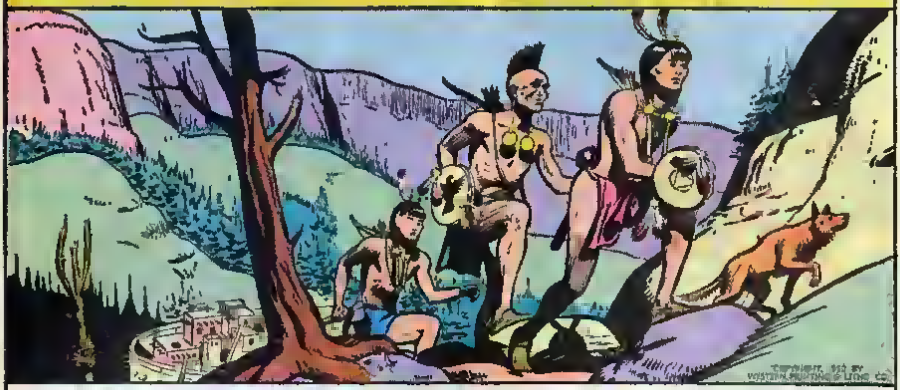
Hssssss—CRACK! CRACK! POP—!

The boulder burst in pieces! Toki glanced up at the Tilting Rock. IT WAS MOVING—TOPPLING OUT OVER HIM!

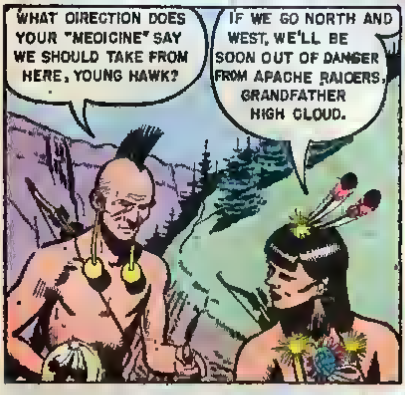
Toki turned and ran—back along the ledge. He seized his father by the hair, and dragged him to safety. Then, as he watched, the Tilting Rock fell! It dashed against the cliff below the village. Its thunder blotted out the thin wall of fear from Apache throats.

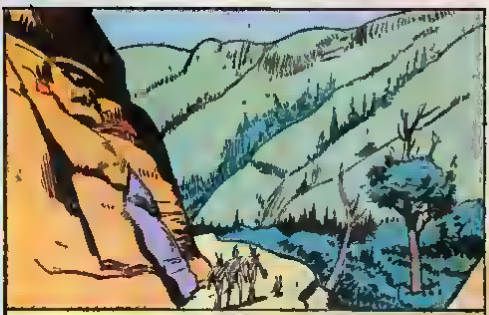
Minutes later, down in the dust that billowed through the canyon, a dry bush flamed up—caught from the fallen coals of Toki's fire. By its red glow the cliff showed, bare of ladders. They lay somewhere beneath the jumble of shadows and broken rock below. And with them lay the fierce attackers who had tried to destroy the people of little Toki!

YOUNG HAWK

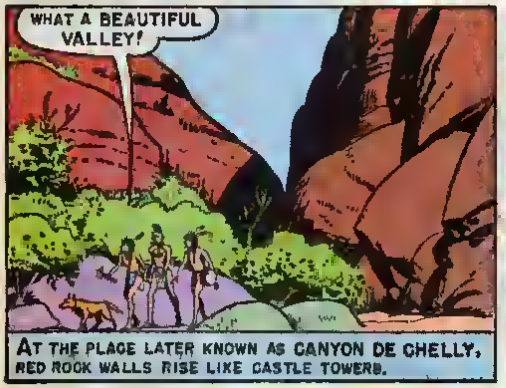


GLAD TO GE ON THE TRAIL ONCE MORE, YOUNG HAWK AND HIS COMPANIONS TAKE THEIR LAST LOOK AT THE CANYON PUEBLO WHERE THEY WERE SO KINDLY TREATED...

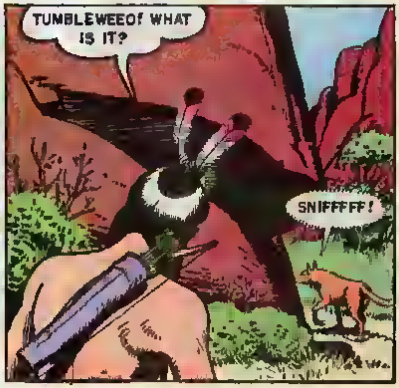




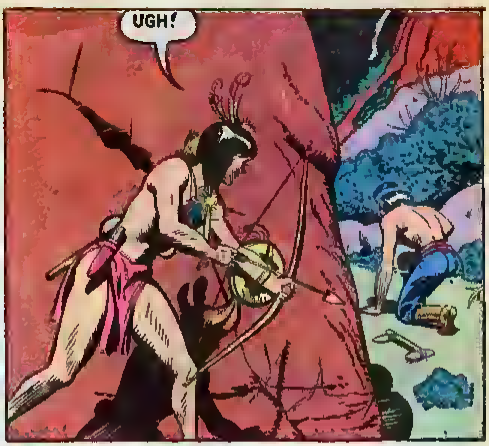
FOR SEVERAL DAYS THE THREE WANDERERS FOLLOW THEIR CHOSEN DIRECTION, KEEPING TO CANYONS MOSTLY, WHERE THE GOING IS EASIER AND GAME MORE PLENTIFUL.

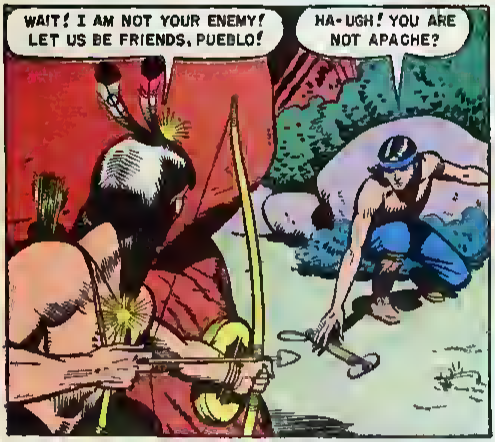


AT THE PLACE LATER KNOWN AS CANYON DE CHELLY, RED ROCK WALLS RISE LIKE CASTLE TOWERS.




WAIT HERE, TUMBLEWEED!

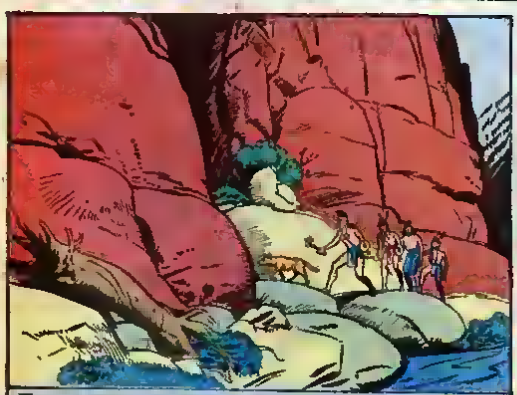

UGH!


WAIT! I AM NOT YOUR ENEMY! LET US BE FRIENDS, PUEBLO!
HA-UGH! YOU ARE NOT APACHE?


WOULD AN APACHE BE WEARING THIS TALISMAN OF PEACE? A PUEBLO CHIEF GAVE IT TO ME.


GREY FOX GREETS YOU IN PEACE, O WEARER OF THE SHELL!
YOUNG HAWK GREETS YOU---


---AND WISHES YOU STRONG MEDICINE, GREY FOX.
AHAI! I SHALL NEED IT. APACHES HAVE STOLEN YELLOW FLOWER, MY BRIDE! I HAVE BEEN ON THEIR TRAIL SINCE MORNING.

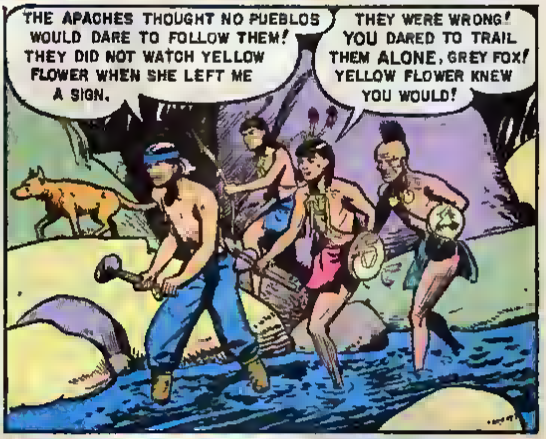


TWO MILES FARTHER ON, TUMBLEWEED LEADS THEM INTO A TINY SIDE GORGE.


WATCH FOR SIGN---WHERE THEY MAY HAVE CLIMBED OUT!


AHHH! LOOK THERE!

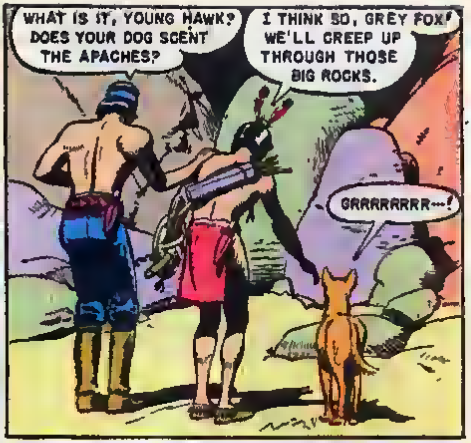

A YELLOW FLOWER! IT IS HER SIGN THAT WE MUST STILL FOLLOW THE STREAM! SHE PICKED IT ONLY A LITTLE WHILE AGO!

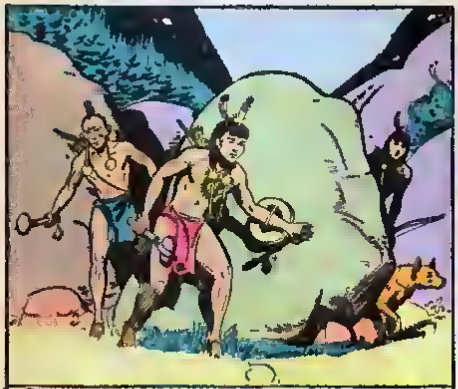

THE APACHES THOUGHT NO PUEBLOS WOULD DARE TO FOLLOW THEM! THEY DID NOT WATCH YELLOW FLOWER WHEN SHE LEFT ME A SIGN.
THEY WERE WRONG! YOU DARED TO TRAIL THEM ALONE, GREY FOX! YELLOW FLOWER KNEW YOU WOULD!


HERE IS ANOTHER SIGN--- A BROKEN GRASS STEM! THEY TOOK YELLOW FLOWER UP THIS CLEFT.


THE TRAIL GROWS WARMER! IT CROSSES A NARROW MESA---

---DESCENDS INTO ANOTHER CANYON.

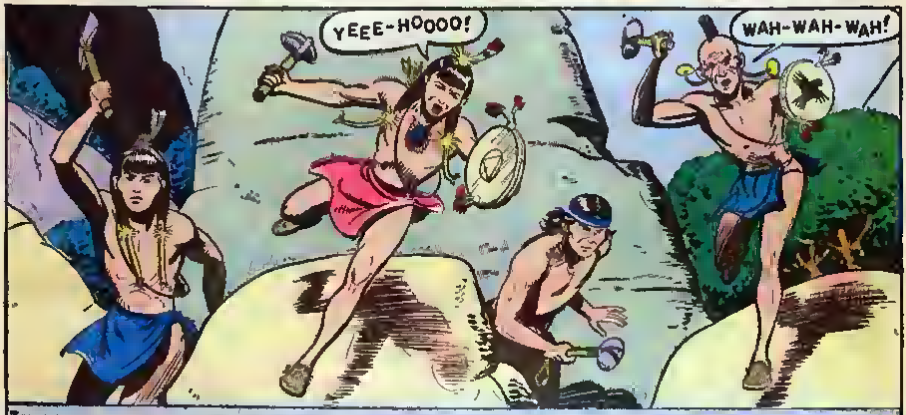




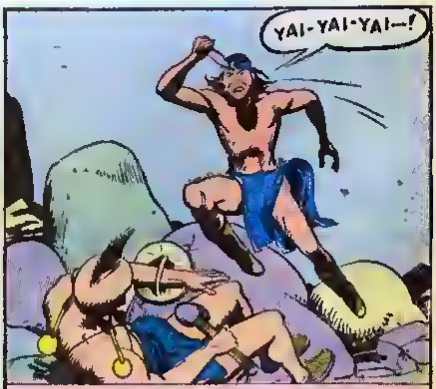
SILENT AS SHADOWS, YOUNG HAWK'S PARTY MOVES FORWARD.

TUMBLEWEED WAS RIGHT! JUST BEYOND THE BOULDERS THE APACHE RAIDERS SIT MUNCHING THE HALF-RIPE CORN THEY STOLE FROM YELLOW FLOWER'S GARDEN, AND ROASTED IN THE COALS.

BUT YELLOW FLOWER HAS NO DESIRE FOR FOOD---HER SORROW IS AS REAL AS THE THONG THAT BINDS HER WRISTS.

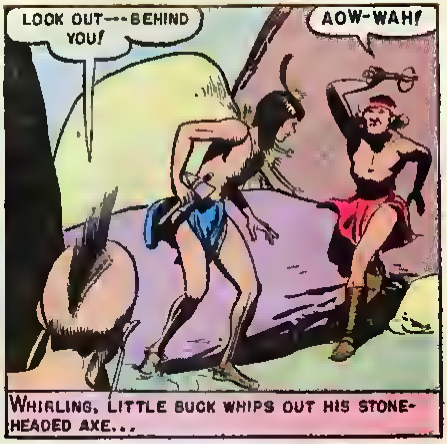


INSTANTLY DROPPING THEIR BOWS, THE FOUR RESCUERS LEAP TOWARD THE APACHE RAIDERS.

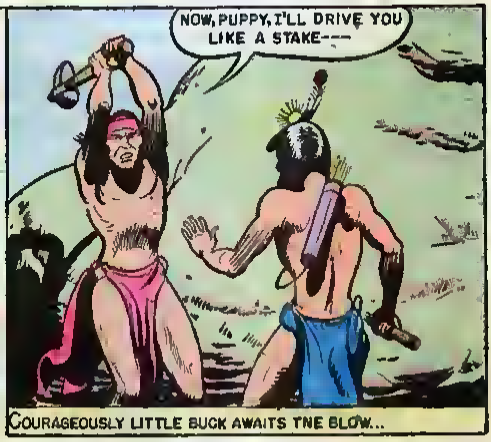


HIGH CLOUD GOES DOWN! WITH SHRILL YELPS, THE APACHE BOUNDS IN FOR A KILL.


KLUNK!
WELL THROWN, LITTLE BUCK!

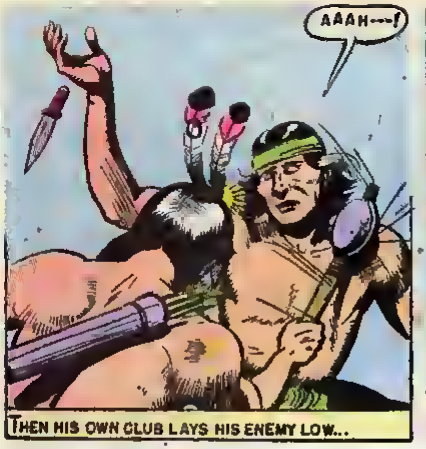

LOOK OUT---BEHIND YOU!
AOW-WAH!
WHIRLING, LITTLE BUCK WHIPS OUT HIS STONE-HEADED AXE...


HUNH!
.. WHOSE HANDLE BREAKS AS IT PARRIES THE BLOW...

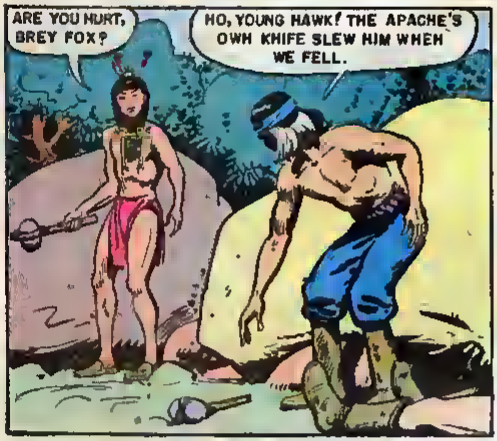

NOW, PUPPY, I'LL DRIVE YOU LIKE A STAKE---
COURAGEOUSLY LITTLE BUCK AWAITS THE BLOW...


WHOCK!
BUT ANOTHER CLUB.. IN THE SMALL HANDS OF YELLOW FLOWER... FALLS FIRST...


YOUNG HAWK CATCHES A BLOW ON HIS STOUT SHIELD


AAAH---!
THEN HIS OWN CLUB LAYS HIS ENEMY LOW...

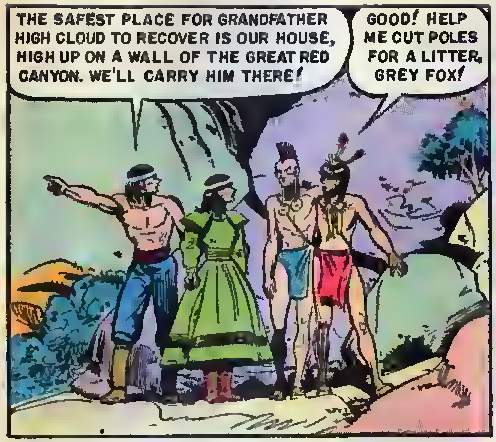

GREY FOX HITS THE GROUND,..BENEATH HIS OPPONENT... FIGHTING FOR LIFE...

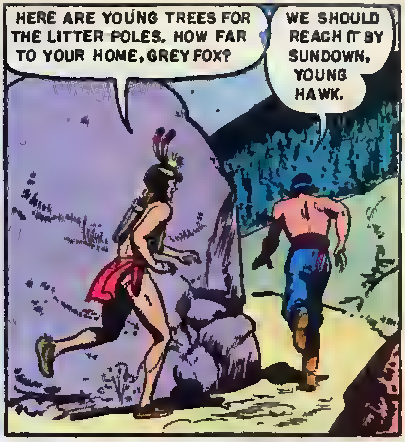

ARE YOU HURT, GREY FOX?
HO, YOUNG HAWK! THE APACHE'S OWN KNIFE SLEW HIM WHEN WE FELL.

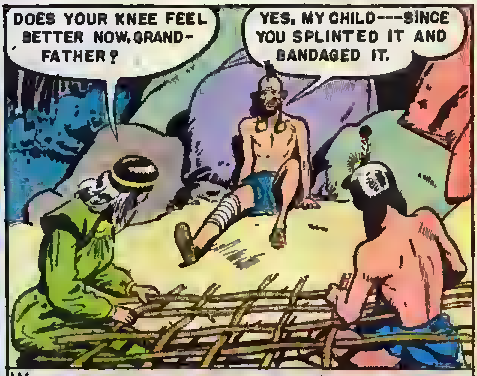

MY YELLOW FLOWER! ALL IS WELL---?
YES, MY WARRIOR! I HOPED YOU COULD FOLLOW AND STEAL ME AWAY FROM OUR ENEMIES---BUT THIS IS MORE HONORABLE.


SEE! THE OLD MAN WHO FOUGHT FOR US IS HURT--- BADLY, I FEAR!
IT'S HIS LEG!

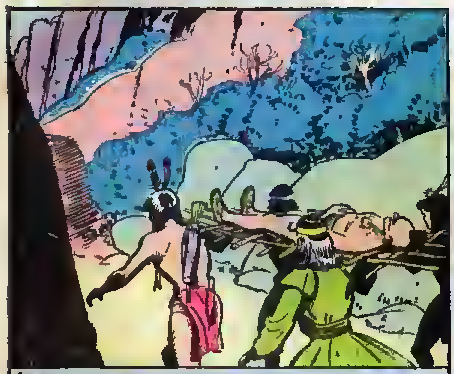

IT IS NO USE, MY CHILDREN! THE KNEE BONE IS BROKEN!
WE WILL MAKE A LITTER AND CARRY YOU TO A SAFE PLACE.



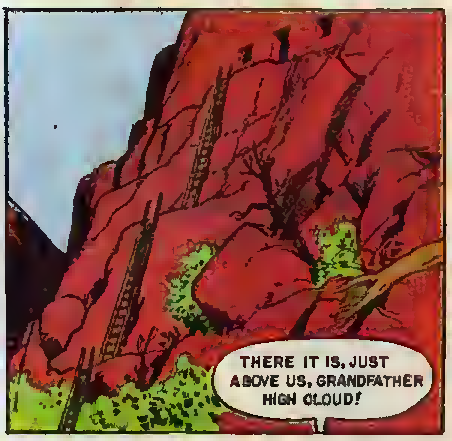


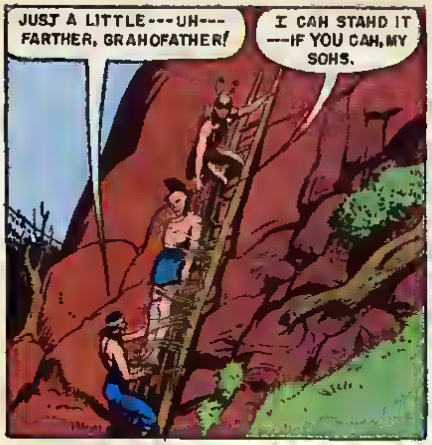


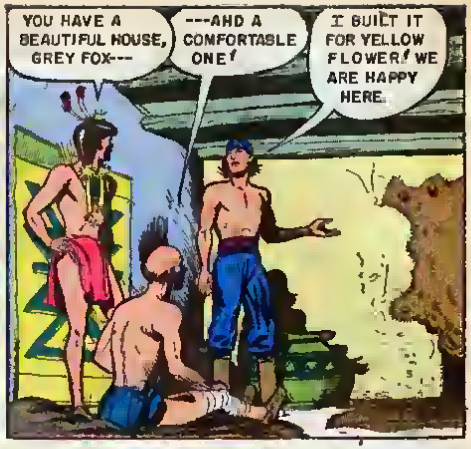
WHILE WAITING FOR THE YOUNG MEN'S RETURN, LITTLE BUCK AND YELLOW FLOWER WEAVE A MAT TO GO WITH THE LITTER POLES.



JUST AT SUNSET, THE FOUR YOUNG FRIENDS CARRY HIGH CLOUD INTO THE GREAT CANYON...WITHIN SIGHT OF GREY FOX'S HOME...




JUST A LITTLE---UH---FARTHER, GRANDFATHER!
I CAN STAND IT ---IF YOU CAN, MY SONS.


YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE, GREY FOX---
---AND A COMFORTABLE ONE!
I BUILT IT FOR YELLOW FLOWER! WE ARE HAPPY HERE.


COME, YOUNG HAWK! I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT LIES BEYOND THE SECOND ROOM.


THE WATER IN THIS CAVE NEVER FAILS! IT IS ALWAYS PURE AND FRESH.
WONDERFUL, GREY FOX! IF YOU PULLED UP YOUR LADDERS YOU COULD STAND OFF A HUNDRED ENEMIES HERE.

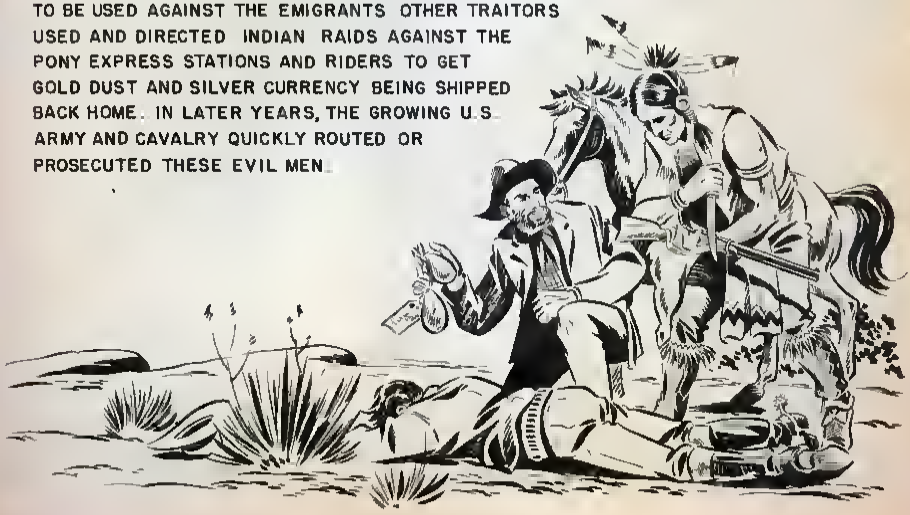

WE HAVE FOOD IN PLENTY, TOO, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK! AND OUR HOME IS YOURS!
YOU ARE KIND, YELLOW FLOWER--- BUT WE MUST NOT TAKE YOUR SUPPLIES.


TOMORROW YOU AND I AND TUMBLEWEED WILL GO HUNTING, AND BRING HOME A DEER OR AN ANTELOPE FOR OUR FRIENDS ---EH, LITTLE BUCK?
YIP?
YES! AND I HOPE OUR LUCK IS AS GOOD AS MY APPETITE!

WHITE RENEGADES

AS THE WHITE MAN SPREAD OUT FROM THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN COLONIES AND FOUNDED NEW SETTLEMENTS IN THE WILDERNESS, HE WAS CONSTANTLY BESET BY MARAUDING RED MEN. HOWEVER, ONE OF HIS CRUELEST ENEMIES WAS ONE OF HIS OWN RACE--- THE RENEGADE WHITE MAN BY JOINING THE RED SAVAGES, THE RENEGADE COULD SHARE IN THE LOOT OF PILLAGED CABINS AND SETTLEMENTS. MANY AN OUT-POST OF CIVILIZATION FELL TO THE INDIANS BECAUSE A WHITE DESERTER KNEW HOW TO ATTACK ITS STRONG POINTS AND EVEN MORE IMPORTANT, ITS WEAKNESSES.

YEARS LATER, WHEN THE WEST WAS OPENED TO LAND-HUNGRY EMIGRANTS--- IT WAS THE SAME STORY THE WHITE RENEGADE, OFTEN IN THE GUISE OF A TRADER OR INDIAN AGENT, WOULD SELL AND TRADE RIFLES AND AMMUNITION TO THE WARRING TRIBES TO BE USED AGAINST THE EMIGRANTS OTHER TRAITORS USED AND DIRECTED INDIAN RAIDS AGAINST THE PONY EXPRESS STATIONS AND RIDERS TO GET GOLD DUST AND SILVER CURRENCY BEING SHIPPED BACK HOME. IN LATER YEARS, THE GROWING U.S. ARMY AND CAVALRY QUICKLY ROUTED OR PROSECUTED THESE EVIL MEN.



The snowy owl lives in the barrens of northern Canada. He is a fine hunter, living on lemmings, rabbits and other small game. Occasionally, scarcity of game drives thousands of these birds southward to the United States.

Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.